GARGOYLE
NEW WAVE
Volume 115 Issue 4

Volume CXV, Number 4 Winter 2024

STAFF

Nick Dabagia.....Risky Business
Ruth Marks.....1000 babies?
Luke Homans.....10000 babies
Annika Smits.....soft as a downy chick
Sarrah Ahmed.....like JoJo Siwa right

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Anna Stansfield.....collects swords
Sabrina Barnes.....critiquing pure reason
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Lara Ringey.....wish I was like you blue tie kid
Elena Runion.....Jason
Jamie Simons.....Etsy underwear model
Charlie Splete.....Nigel's Planmaker

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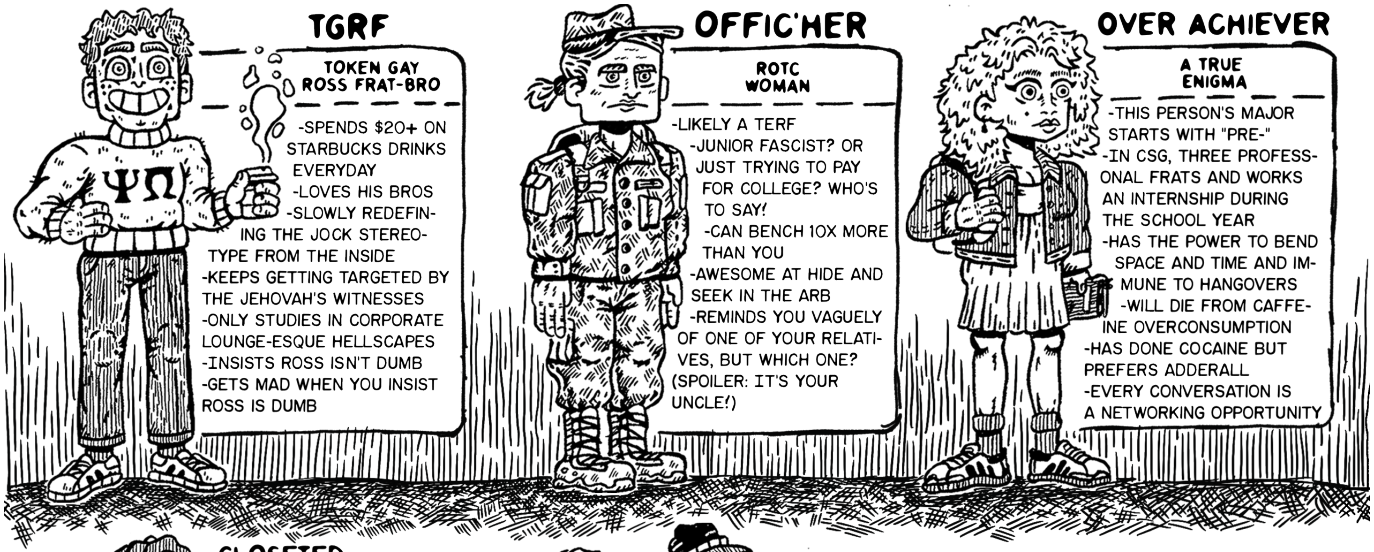
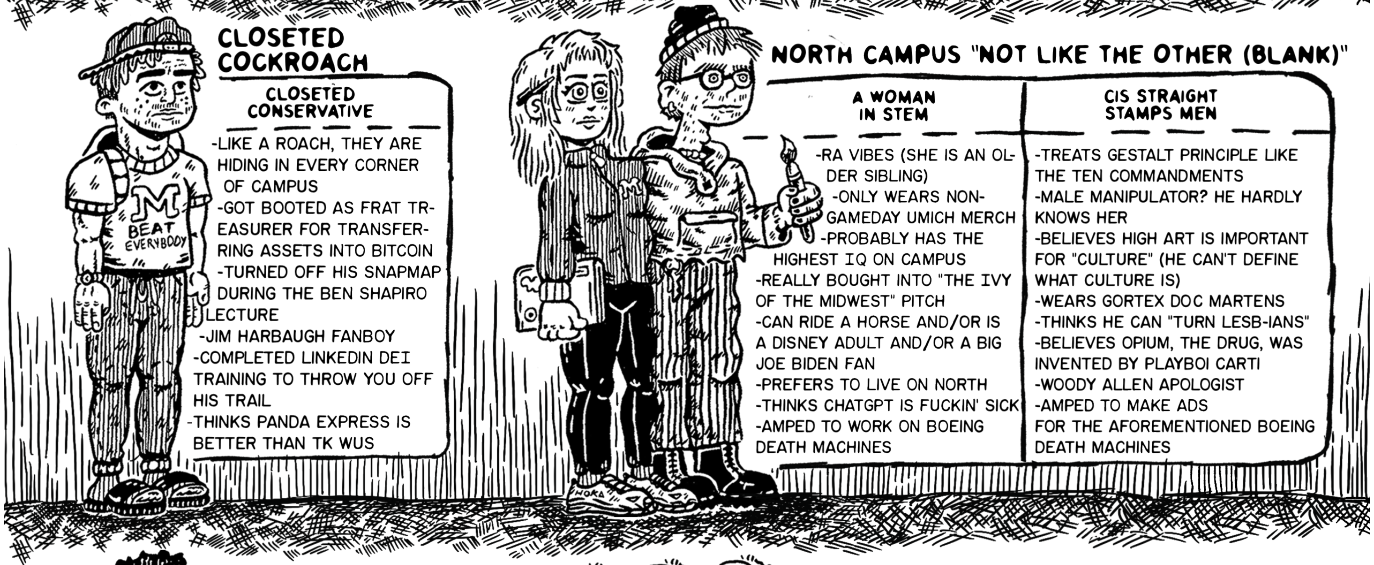
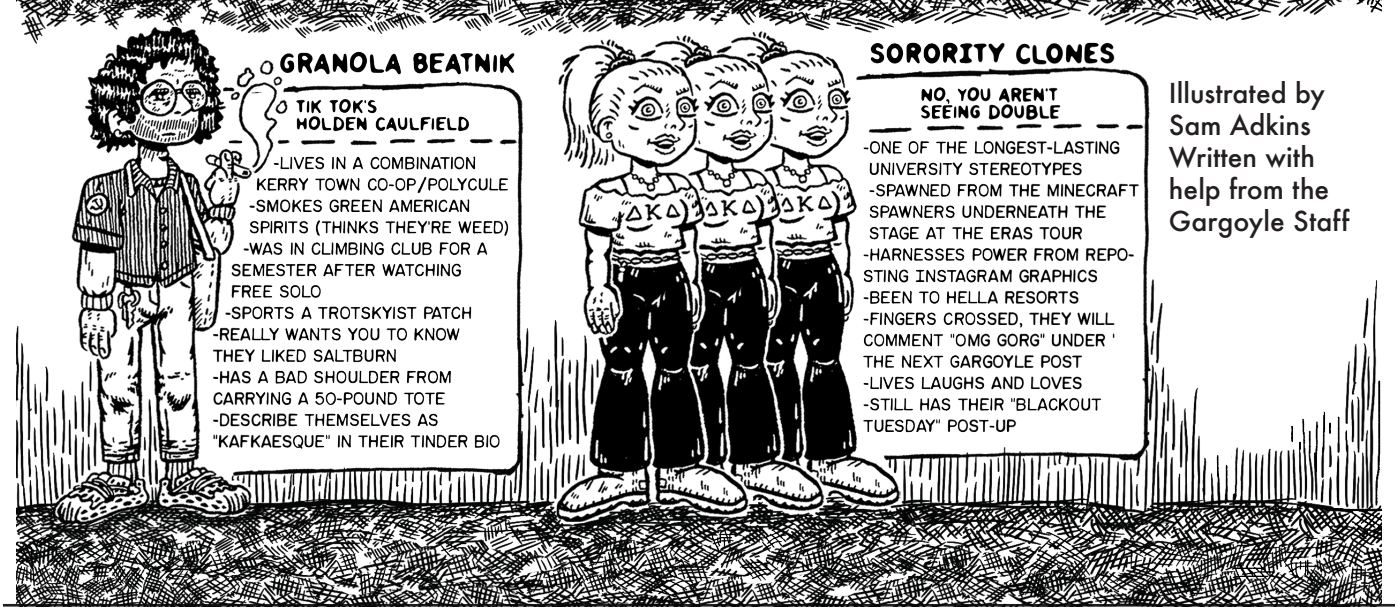
NEW UNIVERSITY STEREOTYPES


TGRF
TOKEN GAY ROSS FRAT-BRO
-SPENDS $20+ ON STARBUCKS DRINKS EVERYDAY
-LOVES HIS BROS
-SLOWLY REDEFINING THE JOCK STEREOTYPE FROM THE INSIDE
-KEEPS GETTING TARGETED BY THE JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES
-ONLY STUDIES IN CORPORATE LOUNGE-ESQUE HELLSCAPES
-INSISTS ROSS ISN'T DUMB
-GETS MAD WHEN YOU INSIST ROSS IS DUMB
OFFIC'HER
ROTC WOMAN
-LIKELY A TERF
-JUNIOR FASCIST? OR JUST TRYING TO PAY FOR COLLEGE? WHO'S TO SAY!
-CAN BENCH 10X MORE THAN YOU
-AWESOME AT HIDE AND SEEK IN THE ARB
-REMINDS YOU VAGUELY OF ONE OF YOUR RELATIVES, BUT WHICH ONE? (SPOILER: IT'S YOUR UNCLE!)
OVER ACHIEVER
A TRUE ENIGMA
-THIS PERSON'S MAJOR STARTS WITH "PRE-"
-IN CSG, THREE PROFESSIONAL FRATS AND WORKS AN INTERNSHIP DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
-HAS THE POWER TO BEND SPACE AND TIME AND IMMUNE TO HANGOVERS
-WILL DIE FROM CAFFEINE OVERCONSUMPTION
-HAS DONE COCAINE BUT PREFERS ADDERALL
-EVERY CONVERSATION IS A NETWORKING OPPORTUNITY


CLOSETED COCKROACH
CLOSETED CONSERVATIVE
-LIKE A ROACH, THEY ARE HIDING IN EVERY CORNER OF CAMPUS
-GOT BOOTED AS FRAT TREASURER FOR TRANSFERRING ASSETS INTO BITCOIN
-TURNED OFF HIS SNAPMAP DURING THE BEN SHAPIRO LECTURE
-JIM HARBAUGH FANBOY
-COMPLETED LINKEDIN DEI TRAINING TO THROW YOU OFF HIS TRAIL
-THINKS PANDA EXPRESS IS BETTER THAN TK WUS
NORTH CAMPUS "NOT LIKE THE OTHER (BLANK)"
A WOMAN IN STEM
-RA VIBES (SHE IS AN OLDER SIBLING)
-ONLY WEARS NON-GAMEDAY UMICH MERCH
-PROBABLY HAS THE HIGHEST IQ ON CAMPUS
-REALLY BOUGHT INTO "THE IVY OF THE MIDWEST" PITCH
-CAN RIDE A HORSE AND/OR IS A DISNEY ADULT AND/OR A BIG JOE BIDEN FAN
-PREFERS TO LIVE ON NORTH
-THINKS CHATGPT IS FUCKIN' SICK
-AMPED TO WORK ON BOEING DEATH MACHINES
CIS STRAIGHT STAMPS MEN
-TREATS GESTALT PRINCIPLE LIKE THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
-MALE MANIPULATOR? HE HARDLY KNOWS HER
-BELIEVES HIGH ART IS IMPORTANT FOR "CULTURE" (HE CAN'T DEFINE WHAT CULTURE IS)
-WEARS GORTEX DOC MARTENS
-THINKS HE CAN "TURN LESB-IANS"
-BELIEVES OPIUM, THE DRUG, WAS INVENTED BY PLAYBOI CARTI
-WOODY ALLEN APOLOGIST
-AMPED TO MAKE ADS FOR THE AFOREMENTIONED BOEING DEATH MACHINES


GRANOLA BEATNIK
TIK TOK'S HOLDEN CAULFIELD
-LIVES IN A COMBINATION KERRY TOWN CO-OP/POLYCULE
-SMOKES GREEN AMERICAN SPIRITS (THINKS THEY'RE WEED)
-WAS IN CLIMBING CLUB FOR A SEMESTER AFTER WATCHING FREE SOLO
-SPORTS A TROTSKYIST PATCH
-REALLY WANTS YOU TO KNOW THEY LIKED SALTBURN
-HAS A BAD SHOULDER FROM CARRYING A 50-POUND TOTE
-DESCRIBE THEMSELVES AS "KAFKAESQUE" IN THEIR TINDER BIO
SORORITY CLONES
NO, YOU AREN'T SEEING DOUBLE
-ONE OF THE LONGEST-LASTING UNIVERSITY STEREOTYPES
-SPAWNED FROM THE MINECRAFT SPAWNERS UNDERNEATH THE STAGE AT THE ERAS TOUR
-HARNESSES POWER FROM REPOSTING INSTAGRAM GRAPHICS
-BEEN TO HELLA RESORTS
-FINGERS CROSSED, THEY WILL COMMENT "OMG GORG" UNDER ' THE NEXT GARGOYLE POST
-LIVES LAUGHS AND LOVES
-STILL HAS THEIR "BLACKOUT TUESDAY" POST-UP

Illustrated by Sam Adkins
Written with help from the Gargoyle Staff

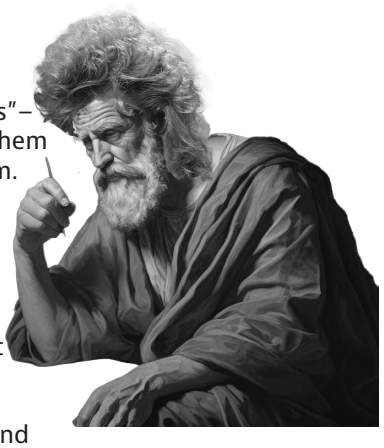
New Wave Philosophy

By Sabrina Barnes

Back in the day, existentialist Jean Paul Sartre advocated for radical freedom. Today, people are taking "thinking really super duper hard" into their own hands. This is incredibly exciting considering the great intellectualism and rationality of the average American. Behold three case studies of these developments:

1) Manifestation is dead, demanding and complaining are alive and well, thanks to an epidemic of twenty-somethings who buy mass-produced rose quartz instead of working on themselves and women who experimented with polyamory and LSD in the 90s. They are telling us to commandeer from the universe what we deserve. Now, many are openly hollering at the sky in the middle of the afternoon upon being faced with minor inconveniences. The universe is their servant. They are badgering it into submission by threatening to start a podcast about swapping birth control for moon cycle tracking.

2) There exists a kind of figure that encompasses people like the uncle whom your mom has to give you a pep talk about at Easter. These figures are political philosophy connoisseurs (fascists). They're particularly into "small central governments"– so small that it'd be only them at the top, living the dream. The dream in question is recruiting other Facebook "researchers" to their message boards and being fed grapes by the high-school history teacher that over-validated them.



3) Me. And my feelings. And my existential dread. And my lashing out by getting into Celtic magic. That's right. The universe hasn't obeyed my mid-afternoon hollers and I'm bored of this provincial life. Thus, I'm rejecting the mold. I'm stuffing the mold into a box in the deepest darkest corner of my closet and then lighting it on sweet, sweet fire. I'm left to be reminded every day that hell really IS other people. Specifically, the philosophy teacher who tried to gaslight me into thinking I'm a mere brain in a vat. She has a PhD in KANT?! I hate Kant. He has the energy of a dusty candelabra or a freshly dethawed cauliflower.

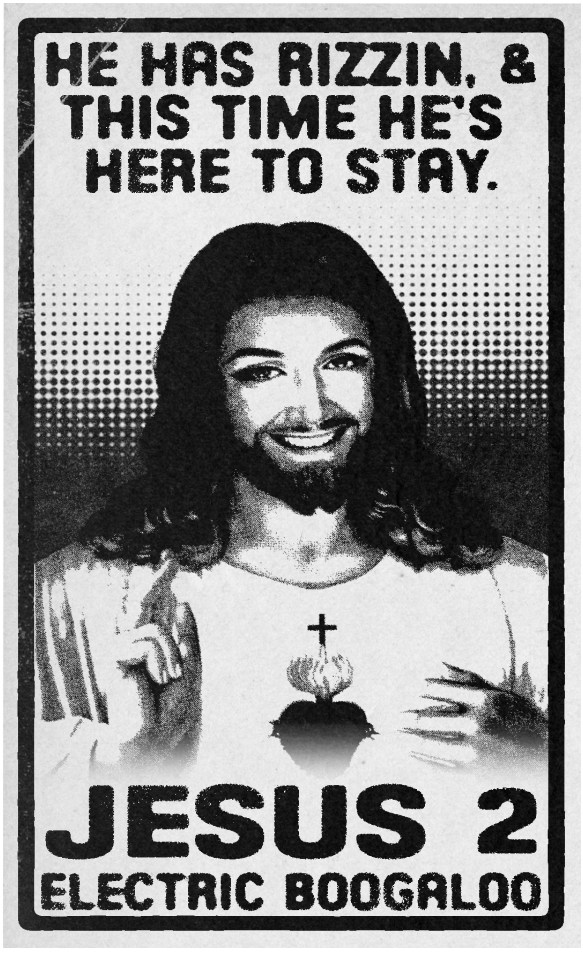
Stuck with Band Aid

By Charlie Splete

You fell in love with their charitable hit "Do They Know It's Christmas?". Now, pop-rock amalgam Band Aid has a brand new song: "Are They Aware Of Our New Waterproof Seal?". Bob Geldof and Co. have produced a heartwarming new tune about the wonders of advanced bandage technology and the immense medical influence of Johnson & Johnson. "We feel really strongly about this charity," Geldof commented while in a portajohn at Live Aid, "all proceeds will go directly to the conglomerates at pharmaceutical corporations in need." With the exception of speedo-clad former Police frontman Sting, who was busy filming David Lynch's Dune (oof), all of your favorite artists return to harmonize about commercial medicine. And with lyrics like "seal our wounds to help us heal / for $1.49 our gauze is a steal," consumers can rest easy knowing their superior music taste also happens to lend a helping hand.

7" singles are available at your local record store accompanied by a B-side of Phil Collins' hit "Sussudio," as well as a free trial bandage previously used by Bono himself.*

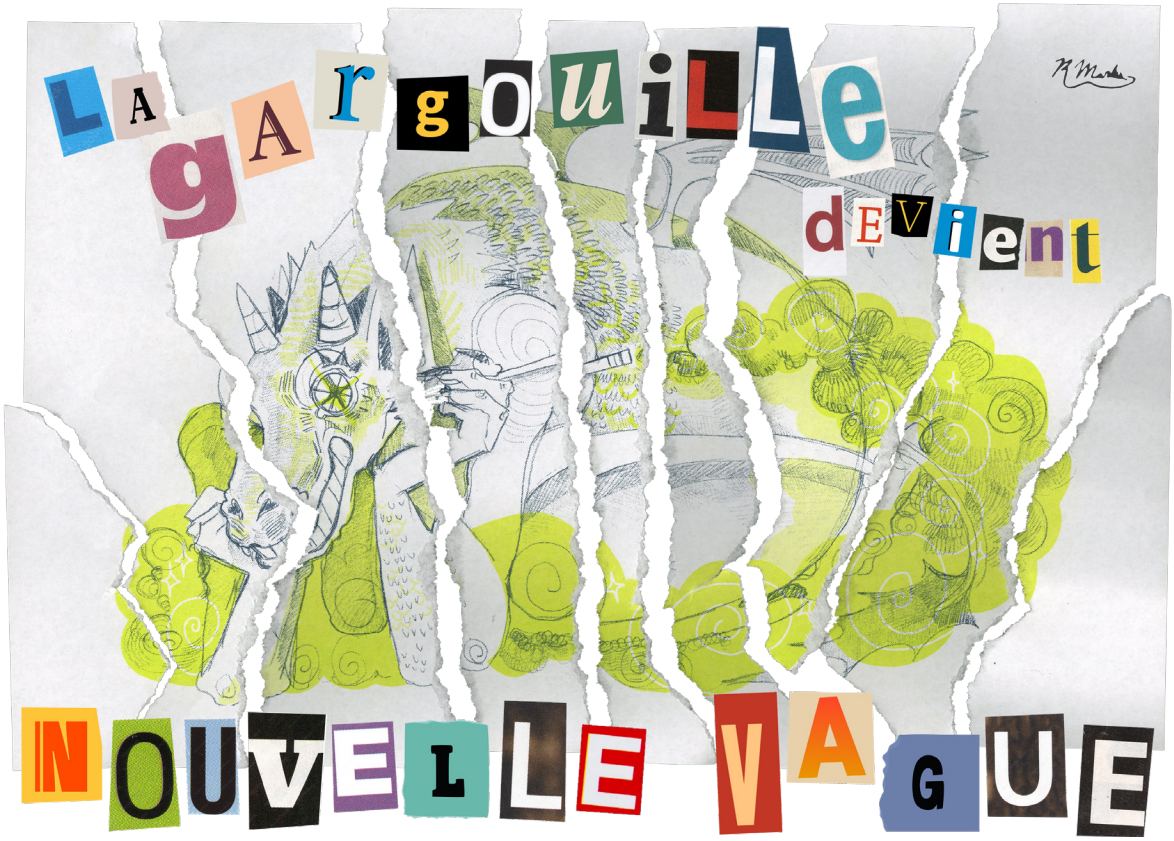
*While supplies last (surprisingly ample quantity)



NEW WAVE TREY

By Mia Lambert

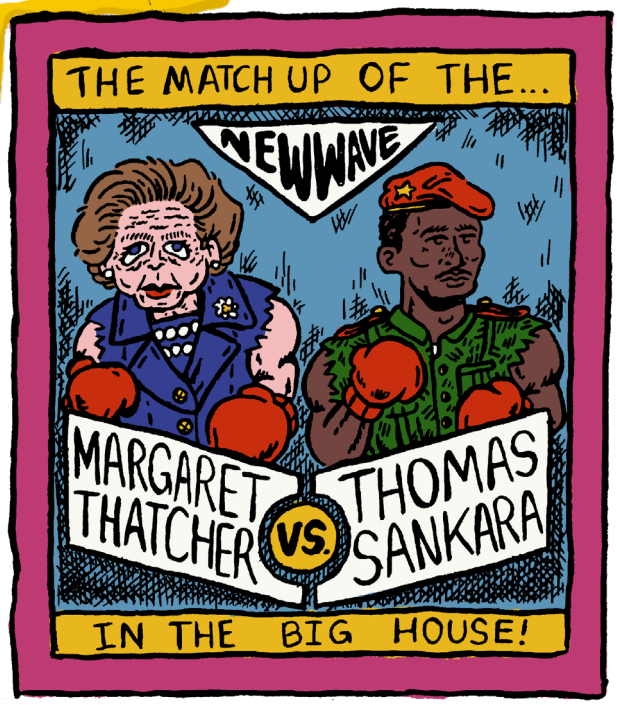
CHOOSE YOUR FIGHTER!!!



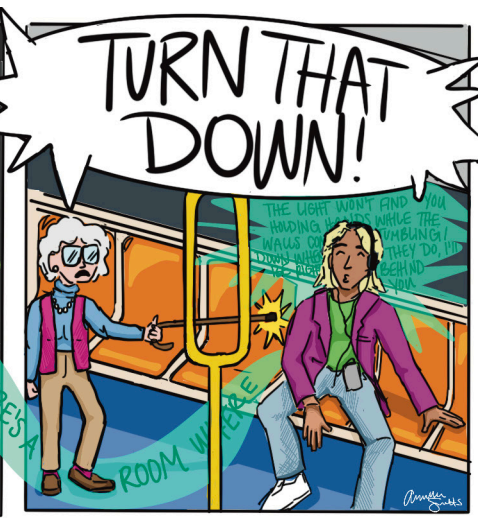
New Wave Alcoholism

By Sabrina Barnes

All your favorite folks are becoming increasingly creative with their elixirs of liquor and growing increasingly bold with celebrating their alcohol ~~dependency~~ appreciation. Small local businesses like Scorekeepers, Ann Arbor's most exclusive daycare, are now selling boozy juice boxes. Fraternities are now inclusively distributing green tea shots and elderberry liqueur to coincide with their newly hired organist. Gone are the days of warm, demeaning Natty Light and jarringly translucent togas. Similarly, with hamsters and tamagotchis out of the picture, sorority girls are turning to emotional support Borgs. Together, Kayleiygh and Ruth Bader Ginsborg are taking on Saturdays at 7:00am and her ChatGPT disciplinary hearing. Others, namely those who find themselves lost and afraid, are experimenting with alcohol in a religious context. They've begun trying to DIY the "blood of Christ" by sacrificing their most socialist friend. "Anything but a cup" parties have also gotten out of hand. Students are so desperate to outdo each other that they're bringing urns, filing cabinets, and even filling up a wallet pocket, formerly home to a 7th grade sex-ed condom, with the contents of a Fireball shooter. Most scandalously, the UMich Board of Regents, when not reminiscing about their glory days in the Peace Corps, have been using secret codes printed in the Michigan Daily to move alcohol around campus. Word on the street is that they're building an army of boozy mini-me's, the infamous Borg of Regents, in a desperate attempt to hide from student protesters.



THERE'S NO TURNING BACK
EVEN WHILE WE SLEEP, WE WILL FIND YOU
ACTING ON YOUR BEST BEHAVIOR
TURN YOUR BACK ON MOTHER NATURE
EVERYBODY WANTS TO RULE THE WORLD
IT'S MY OWN DESIGN. IT'S MY OWN REMORSE
HELP ME TO DECIDE. HELP ME MAKE THE
MOST OF FREEDOM AND OF PLEASURE
NOTHING EVER LASTS FOREVER
EVERYBODY WANTS TO RULE THE WORLD



By Annika Smits

GARG REVIEWS: STOP MAKING SENSE

By Nick Dabagia and Charlie Splete (feat. Trey Norbey)

Compilers' note: we listened to each track as we wrote this. We recommend the same for you. This is the entirely honest Gargoyle review of the greatest live album/concert film of all time.

"Psycho Killer" (Byrne, Frantz, Weymouth) – 4:24

This one sets the stage. "I got a tape I wanna play" yeah buddy, you sure do. And I sure wanna listen to the whole thing. Fuck happiness, I demand euphoria!

"Heaven" (Byrne, Harrison) – 3:41

If the transcendental opening of this album didn't already bring you to tears, this track might. Only David and Tina could take the prettiest song on *Fear of Music* and turn the live version into the top track of my hypothetical wedding reception playlist (followed closely by Limp Bizkit's "Nookie," of course).

"Thank You for Sending Me an Angel" (Byrne) – 2:09

You know they brought my guy Chris out for this one. That driving, marching snare lives rent free in my noggin. You can walk AND talk just like me!

"Found a Job" (Byrne) – 3:15

Might prefer the instrumental outro on *More Songs* but this is still such a great track. Damn that television! After this one we get *really* serious. Steven Scales we salute you.

"Slippery People" – 4:00

What about the time, you were rolling over? They add bongos and tempo to an already great song. Need more of this. This may be my favorite from the album.

"Burning Down the House" – 4:06

"Who's got a match?" David and Alex's running in place is so iconic. When we saw this at the Michigan Theater the Gen Xers in the auditorium got up and danced. Houses were definitely burned here.

"Life During Wartime" – 5:51

Great cardio to this one. "A brilliant futuristic treatise on urban guerilla warfare," no, actually, this ain't no party, this ain't no disco, this ain't no fooling around, man. Maybe my favorite song from this album. And they shout out Detroit.

"Making Flippy Floppy" – 4:40

There ain't no way the tribute album has fucking Teezo Touchdown covering this one man. Paramore's version of Burning Down the House almost had me excited for a minute there, but in this case, I'll be sticking to the original, thank you very much. Anyway, this is one of the most fun tracks on *Speaking in Tongues* and on the live album. Lock the door, we kill the beast. KILL IT!

"Swamp" – 4:30

Absolutely clears the studio cut. The live version of "Swamp" is the type of tune that makes you want to summon an army of funky, marching skeletons to do your malicious bidding. You may never pronounce "risky business" the same way again, because I know I sure won't.

"What a Day That Was" (Byrne) – 6:00

Second best thing to come out of the Heads' brief stint apart after *Remain in Light*. Definitely an overlooked one on the setlist, David's harmonies with Lynn and Ednah are sublime. What a day it truly was when I discovered this band.

"This Must Be the Place (Naive Melody)" – 4:57

When I saw this in theaters for the first time, the guys in front of us turned to me and said "Do you know this one? We're gonna stand up and dance." Charlie and I looked at each other and communicated silently that we did, in fact, know this song, and that we would, in fact, stand up and dance. They add more backup vocals and more synth to the *Speaking in Tongues* version, really great, probably a song that gets a lot of people into TH. This may be my favorite from the album.

"Once in a Lifetime" (Byrne, Eno, Frantz, Harrison, Weymouth) – 5:25

So yeah, this is the big one. This is the one your annoying friend who says they're into "indie" while having Arctic Monkeys' AM on their topster would know. I feel like I got stuck writing about this one (Editor's note: shut up Trey) because there's genuinely not much that can be said in praise of this song that hasn't been already. It's one of the most universally enjoyed songs of all time, and for good reason.

"Genius of Love" (Weymouth, Frantz, Adrian Belew, Steven Stanley) (performed by Tom Tom Club) – 4:30

Best thing to come out of the Heads' brief stint apart after *Remain in Light*. So much fun. JAMES BROWN!

"Girlfriend Is Better" – 5:06

Girlfriend? What girlfriend? No girlfriend, I demand a life of hermitism.

"Take Me to the River" (Green, Hodges) – 5:32

Byrne and the other singers here do a super fun call and response. No diss to Al Green but this version rules. DROP ME IN THE WATER.

"Crosseyed and Painless" (Byrne, Eno, Frantz, Harrison, Weymouth) – 6:11

FACTS ARE SIMPLE AND FACTS ARE STRAIGHT FACTS ARE LAZY AND FACTS ARE LATE FACTS DON'T COME WITH POINTS OF VIEW FACTS DON'T DO WHAT I WANT THEM TO FACTS JUST TWIST THE TRUTH AROUND FACTS ARE LIVING TURNED INSIDE OUT FACTS ARE GETTING THE BEST OF THEM FACTS ARE NOTHING ON THE FACE OF THINGS

By Graci Darland

AMERICAN GARG INTRODUCES:
New True-to-You Dolls

Written by Molly Anderson, Illustrated by Mia Lambert

Discover mini-you in Gargoyle's new line of genuine vinyl dolls! Bring them to class, to parties, or just fiddle around with tiny-you in the comfort of your own home.

Hairy Harry

Say hello to "The Hair." Harry has been gatekeeping how he achieves his effortless shag for years now—what on earth is he hiding? Recording devices? Actually, we have it on good authority that Harry has been mailing unlabeled tapes to an anonymous party in Washington D.C. Espionage or not, this guy is unapologetic about his flow, and you should be too!

Robo Raquel

Let us introduce our out-of-this-world animatronic! This ole' thing has a mind of its own, and is even known to self-destruct to Devo's 'Whip it' if you forget to change the batteries monthly. (WARNING: Several instances of attacks on owners reported)

Punk Patty

Meet Patty, our platform princess! Patty is from the deep south and has a troubled relationship with her parents. Her leather harness comes in a variety of colors: Anti-government Gray, Emancipation Emerald, and Norm-busting Nectarine.

Fanboy Freddy

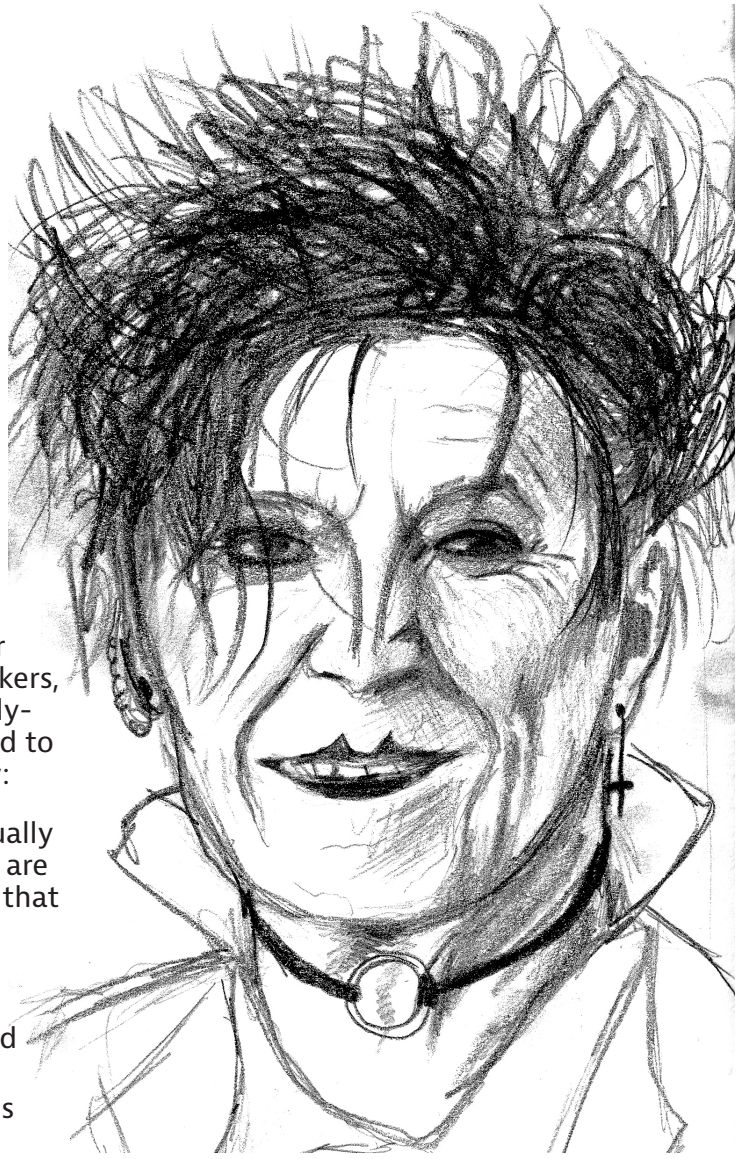
Get obsessed with this pop-culture fanatic. Freddy hasn't been the same since he saw Star Wars: Episode IV – A New Hope in theaters, and those subject to his presence are all the worse for it! This freak is in the habit of hitting people with his Datsun-280ZX and blaming it on "the force."

Botanical Ben

Feast your eyes on plant-friendly Ben. From the suburbs of Indiana, this marijuana enthusiast harbors no shame for his favorite recreational activity. When he's not thinking of new places to light up, he can be found having an existential crisis at the Department of Philosophy.

GOTH REAGAN

Written by Olivia Humphrey
Illustrated by Graci Darland



In the aftermath of 2020, pickings for the Noble Immortal Party's representative were slim, when, in a show of outstanding patriotic commitment, the Young Americans stepped up to fill their predecessor's shoes with a new political figure handmade for this day and age: Goth Reagan. A descendant of Ronald Reagan? A fabricated internet personality? No matter her origin. Clad in thigh highs and heart-shaped chokers, as well as being an eloquent proponent of supply-side economics, the young male masses swarmed to her like flies to shit. Here's what they had to say:

"She's everything. I don't know if we could actually elect her—y'know? 'Cause like, females in office are a recipe for disaster—but if any girl could break that rule of nature, it's her."

"Dudes I've been saying I've wanted a big titty goth GF for like, years."

"Can anyone else not wait for her to get married so she can become First Lady? Just me?"

"I think she's a beautiful symbol of hope for this generation," an older member of the NIP wrote.

"Mmpgh, thighs," remarked another.

Some Young Americans, although still enamored, express distress at their peers' intentions for Goth Reagan and her future in politics. "It's disgusting how all of you are so obsessed with her thoughts. Why would you turn to a woman for politics? Just look at her. Her natural blessings are what I'm more interested in. Call me, Reagan, if you want a good Christian husband. My number is [REDACTED]." Some worry the split between those who want her in office and those who want her in the bedroom may cost them the election, come November. However, with her newly-released catchy campaign slogan (something unprintable involving trickle-down economics and her aforementioned thighs), and the new generation of her fans now able to vote, this election season is looking bright for the Young Americans.

New Wave Psycho

By Vic Cattermole

1:07 AM
Y'know, I used to shit all over yuppie culture. I thought the hyper-masculine, "Hip to be Square" aesthetic was a mind-numbing dick measuring contest.

That was, however, until I met *him*.

I met him at a Blondie cover band show, eyes framed with sloppy thick eyeliner that made his face look like a shitty children's drawing on cocaine (which he likely was).
Unfortunately the sweet whispers of five Miller Lights convinced me to go home with him.

Now, here I am, sitting in a hard metal chair tied up with a black "Talking Heads" bandana, Velvet Underground pulsating my brain, blinded by a blue neon "MTV" sign across the room.
I wish this serial killer was your typical American psycho deal, but, no, I had to get this gender subversive psycho killer wannabe.

1:58 AM
Before he kills me, he's making me listen to the entirety of his freshly finished mixtape.
OH MY GOD PLEASE NO
He's pulling out a synthesizer...
His throbbing electro-disco sound is tangling my brain into knots and making me question the establishment.

3:42 AM
No. Fucking. Way.
I wish I was dead.
He's explaining the complex lore of his recent DnD campaign.
I cannot bear the chemical warfare of aerosol hairspray and stale weed assaulting my lungs another moment longer.
I want to dry the tears (for fears?) from my eyes, yet the bandana remains firm.

5:10 AM
Is he putting on a black coat to kill me? No, he's just working on his JD from Heathers cosplay.
Is he picking up that knife to carve my poor skull into a jack o' lantern?
Nope, he's just opening his VHS collector's set of Labyrinth (1986).

8:52 AM
Climbing out of the tiny window in his wretched cave, I breathe a sigh of relief.
The sun glaring down at me, I begin my walk home.
To my horror, I begin humming "Rock Lobster."
I wish that new wave psycho just killed me...

LOCAL SOUNDSCAPES: The Shitheads

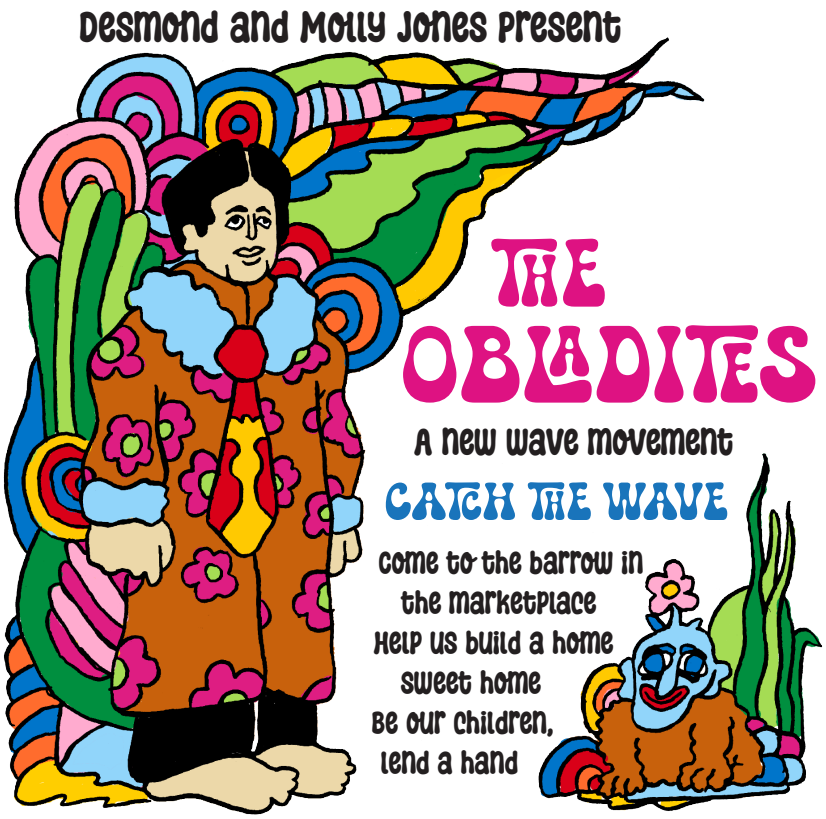
By Jacob Futterman

2/12/85

Today I had the opportunity to speak with the hottest new punk band out of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the Shitheads. The members consist of guitarist and singer Oscar Carter and his brothers, Mark the drummer and Josh the bassist. They recently came onto the scene performing at bars around the Boston area and have gained notoriety for their unique sound and political affiliations.

So how would you describe your sound?
Mark: Well, I would say we're pretty inspired by a lot of those British bands, The Who, The Stones—
Oscar: Well, yes, as much as we love those bands, we absolutely hate British people.
Josh: Absolutely, those guys are bogus.
Oscar, what do you have against British people? I'm assuming you're just not a fan of Margaret Thatcher...
Oscar: No, we actually love what Maggie is doing over there. We find Irish people to be pretty disgusting. We just don't like British people in general, especially their fruity accents and fake punk scene talking about anarchy and all that crap.
Mark: Exactly, what good will anarchy do but bring chaos? We actually think capitalism is pretty cool, man. Big fans of Reaganomics over here.
Josh: Same with free speech. The radical left are trying to silence our message!
But wouldn't you say "your message" is the antithesis of punk?
Oscar: I wouldn't say so. Punk, to us, is just not being a part of the system. Like, you're not gonna get us to shower or pick up our dog's shit, you know. We're libertarians like that, and life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is what punk is all about.
Uh ok, well, moving on. How did you guys get your start musically?
Josh: Oh man, we've been playing for just a few years. We saw how popular the Ramones got and we were like, let's do that and blow up. So we asked our dad and he got us a studio and some top notch instruments so we just went at it.
Mark: What's great about punk is you don't really need any skill, you just turn up the distortion real high and play power chords. For me, I just try to make as much noise as possible. I actually use bottles filled with rocks for drumsticks just to be louder than everyone else.

As you can clearly see, The Shithead's passion for conservative politics and the status quo was truly breathtaking. I got to attend one of their shows in a basement at a Harvard fraternity, and they were more like The Shaggs than any well known punk bands. Somehow they were able to accumulate a small crowd, but they all showed signs of slurred speech, loss of motor controls and general fatigue. Coincidentally, they also only had one bowl of punch for the entire venue.


Desmond and Molly Jones Present
THE OBLADITES
A new wave movement
CATCH THE WAVE
come to the barrow in the marketplace
Help us build a home
sweet home
Be our children, lend a hand

Written by Nick Dabagia, Illustrated by Sam Adkins

NEW WAVE CHAD
PROTECT UR PEACE PWRFUL QUEEN!
LOVE URSELF FIRST!
MILFS 4 LIFE
SATURDAYS AREN'T JUST 4 THE BOYS... THEY R 4 EVERYONE!

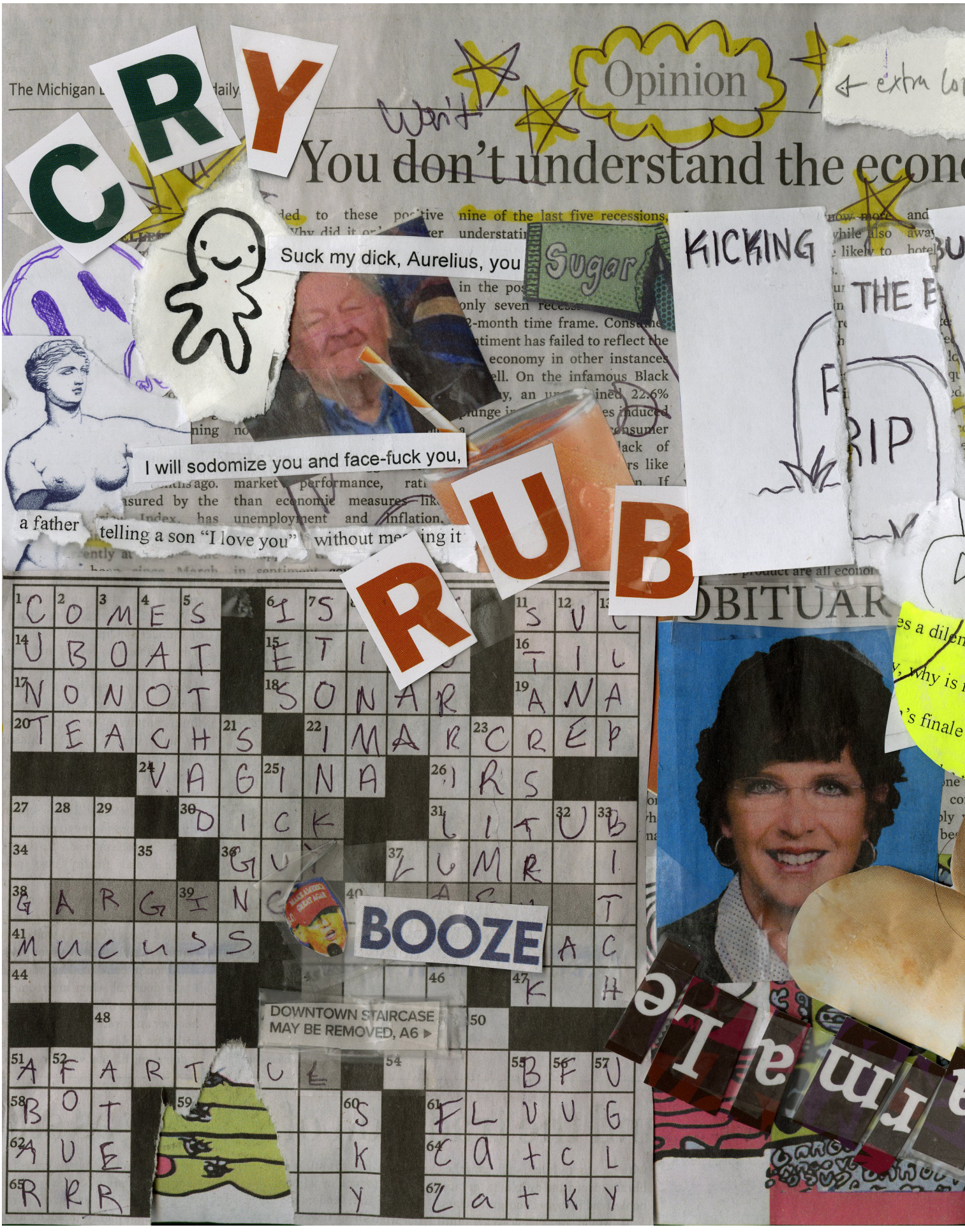
By Maddie Lewis

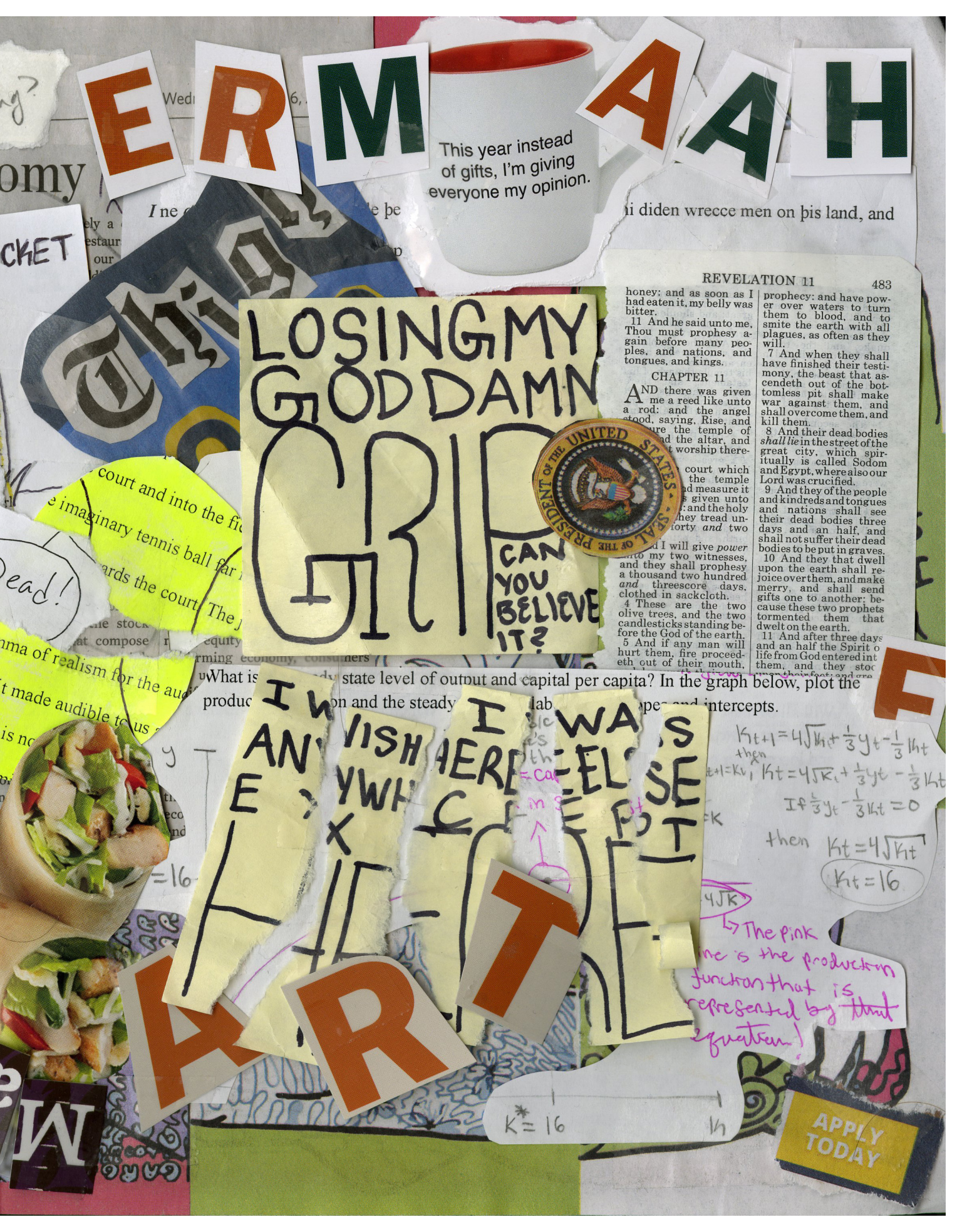
By Severin Orr

Ok, fine, we admit it. We are Satanic Propaganda. But, guess what—in 20 years it's going to be Y2K, and the world is going to end. So, why not play some

DUNGEONS & DARGONS

Roll a few dice, embrace dark sorcery, and sharpen that sacrificial dagger! Every game is a new opportunity to kill your friends in fun, whacky ways! Every crit is another step towards the devil. Don't be scared. It's just a game. Just relax. Let the darkness enter you. Let yourself be consumed. Let yourself be consumed let yourself be consumed let yourself be consumed let yourself be consumed let yourself be consumed let yourself be consumed let yourself be consumed let


CRY
Opinion
You don't understand the econo
Suck my dick, Aurelius, you
Sugar
KICKING
THE F
RIP
I will sodomize you and face-fuck you,
a father
telling a son "I love you"
RUB
OBITUAR
BOOZE
DOWNTOWN STAIRCASE MAY BE REMOVED, A6 ▸

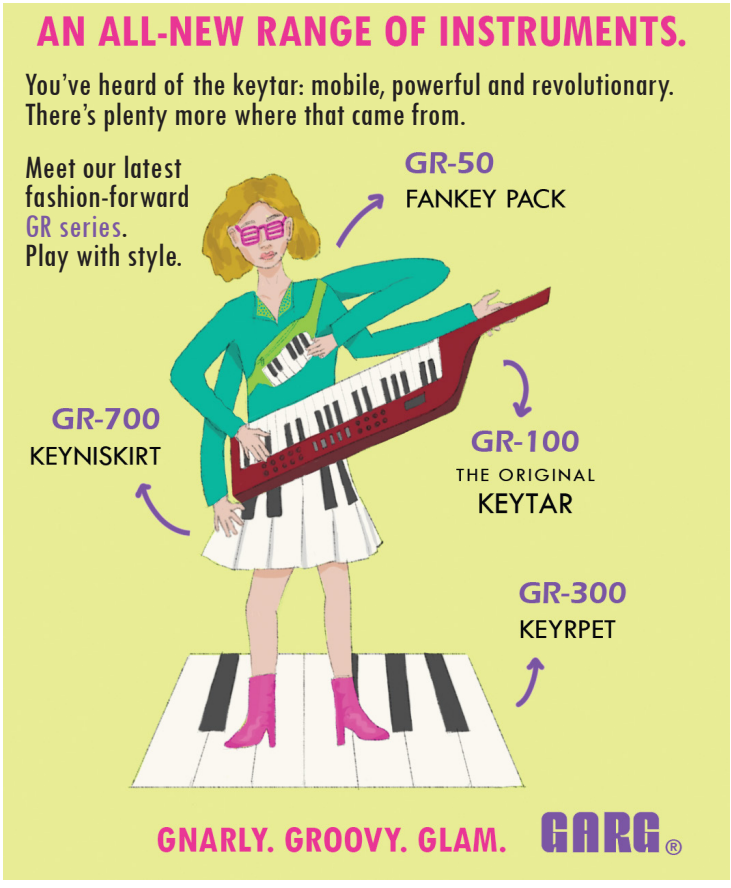

ERM
AAH
This year instead of gifts, I'm giving everyone my opinion.
LOSING MY GODDAMN GRIP
CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?
REVELATION 11
CHAPTER 11
ART
APPLY TODAY

BREAKING: FLOCK OF SEAGULLS FRONTMAN MIKE SCORE'S EXORBITANT HAIRSPRAY USAGE IDENTIFIED BY EPA AS REASON FOR HOLE IN OZONE LAYER

By Trey Norbey

The "I Ran" singer was pressed for comment earlier this morning regarding a new report by the agency claiming the hole in the ozone above the South Pole is over 80% attributable to his personal usage of products that help him achieve his signature goofy ass hairstyle. The EPA is now working on a new commission examining similar usage by other members of the scene, such as the Cure's Robert Smith and Duran Duran's Simon Le Bon, and is also reportedly pleading with Dead Or Alive's Pete Burns to "lose the eyepatch."

"We don't actually think the eyepatch is like, harming the environment or anything," a spokesperson later clarified, "we just think it's kind of ridiculous." Also under investigation this week for similar crimes against nature is U2's Bono, whose verse on the charity single "Do They Know It's Christmas?" was reportedly so insufferable that the people of Ethiopia would, quote, "rather figure out how to deal with the famine themselves than get any help from his smug, pompous ass."



By Nikita Boddapati

This is the script for the canceled project **Back to the Future 4: We Gotta Go Back!** This was received from the Universal Studios archive.

By Jacob Futterman

EXT. THE DIAG – DAY
The **DELOREAN** arrives after traveling through time, tracks of fire behind it. **DOC BROWN** and **MARTY** both exit the vehicle.
MARTY: Hey Doc, when are we?
DOC BROWN checks his watch.
DOC BROWN: Great Scott! We're in the year 2024 Marty! Political tensions are at an all time high and it's only 10 years before Antarctica fully melts!
MARTY: Oh man, that's pretty heavy stuff, Doc. Is there anything we can do to stop it?
DOC BROWN: I'm afraid not, we must not disrupt the space-time continuum!
MARTY: Damn, I need a smoke.
DOC BROWN: Here, have this instead. This is a ZYN, Marty, technology of the future. They call it an upper decky; you put it in your lip and it gives you the best buzz you'll ever experience. It's very popular with lacrosse players.
MARTY puts the ZYN in his mouth.
MARTY: Oh, Doc, this is giving me a wicked buzz, what's in this?
DOC BROWN: Pure concentrated nicotine. And here, try this too. It's called a penjamin. Even I couldn't think of anything so genius!
MARTY takes a big hit off the pen. He starts coughing up smoke.
MARTY: Man, is this reefer? This stuff's illegal, we could go to jail!
DOC BROWN: On the contrary, Marty! Here in Ann Arbor, even the cops are doing it. If you ignore the pesticides, it's one of the best ways to consume THC!
MARTY (Now visibly high): Wait a minute, Doc. Are you telling me the best technology in the future are just new ways to do drugs?
What happened to the hoverboards and 3D advertisements?
DOC BROWN: Have you heard of the butterfly effect? Apparently a guy named OJ killed some woman and we don't have access to that other technology.
MARTY: OJ Simpson? The Hall of Fame running back that went 2000 yards in 15 games?
DOC BROWN: Yes, of course, I forgot you don't know about the Kardashians, Marty! Long story short, all we can do in 2024 is get intoxicated and wait until the nuclear apocalypse happens in 2036. God is dead, Marty!
MARTY somberly takes a blinker off the pen and packs another fat ZYN.

By Ruth Marks & Luke Homans

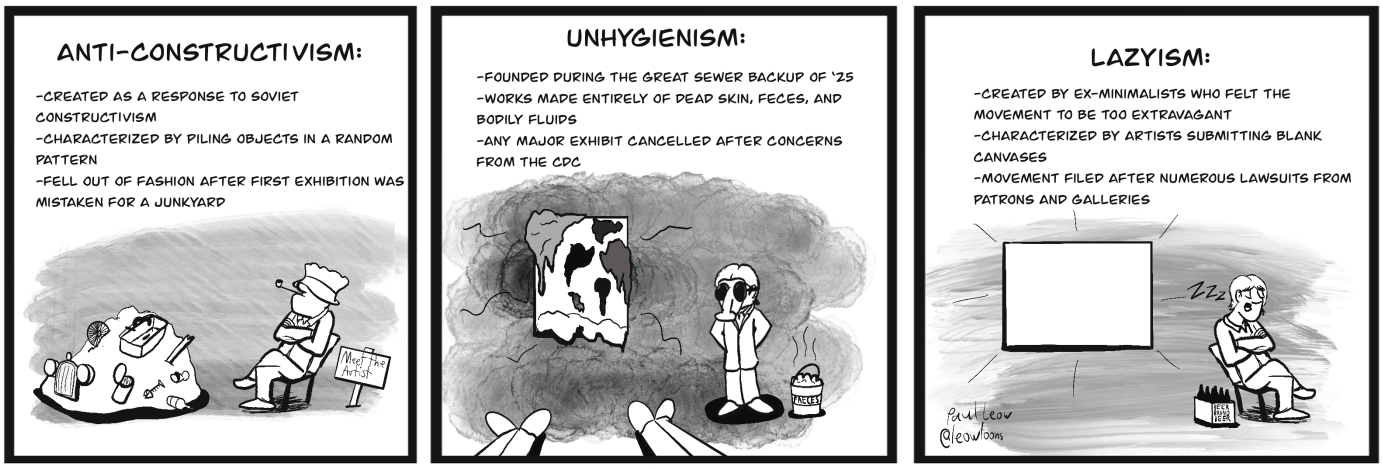
CBS • *New Dave* Thurs, 9/8c

By Trey Norbey

This summer... He's 38, living in the big city, and has a steady job working 9 to 5 for the local bullshit factory. Life doesn't get any better than this, huh? But when he accidentally spends his wife's life savings on shitty lite beer and psychotic parlays on DraftKings, she finally kicks him to the curb. After spending only ten months living out of a cardboard box in the alley behind a Quiznos because his stupid ass never learned how to properly live on his own, our hero bravely picks up the shattered pieces of his heart and decides to start dating again. Now he's got a whole new lease on life! Kevin James stars as the recently eligible bachelor David Rizz in the all new series from executive producer Chuck Lorre. Don't miss the premiere of New Dave on CBS this Thursday at 9/8 Central, right after Young Sheldon.

Failed Art Movements

By Paul Leow


ANTI-CONSTRUCTIVISM:
-CREATED AS A RESPONSE TO SOVIET CONSTRUCTIVISM
-CHARACTERIZED BY PILING OBJECTS IN A RANDOM PATTERN
-FELL OUT OF FASHION AFTER FIRST EXHIBITION WAS MISTAKEN FOR A JUNKYARD
Meet the Artist
UNHYGIENISM:
-FOUNDED DURING THE GREAT SEWER BACKUP OF '25
-WORKS MADE ENTIRELY OF DEAD SKIN, FECES, AND BODILY FLUIDS
-ANY MAJOR EXHIBIT CANCELLED AFTER CONCERNS FROM THE CDC
FECES
LAZYISM:
-CREATED BY EX-MINIMALISTS WHO FELT THE MOVEMENT TO BE TOO EXTRAVAGANT
-CHARACTERIZED BY ARTISTS SUBMITTING BLANK CANVASES
-MOVEMENT FILED AFTER NUMEROUS LAWSUITS FROM PATRONS AND GALLERIES
ZZz
Paul Leow
@leowtoons

An Earnest Cautioning

By Luke Homans

Picture this, innocent youth. It's your roommate's 21st birthday. You've turned the acrid, malfunctioning, borderline demonic fridge in your hell-hole of an apartment to the coldest setting to give your hastily made jell-o shots a chance to solidify before the party starts. It's way too cold for the rest of the food, but at least the party is a success. The next day, you stir groggily; your hangover is debilitating, and your left brain feels like it's been separated from your right brain by a meat cleaver. Your body craves hydration, and perhaps a vegetable or two. Stumbling to the fridge, you pull out the 3.99 caesar salad kit that you've avoided eating in favor of takeout for the past week. To your dismay, it has frozen into a brick of inedible, stringy romaine. Your decision to lower the temperature has put ice in your iceberg. You are inconsolable. As you fall to your knees and sobs wrack your body, a horned figure appears out of the fridge's dim glow behind you. He grasps you by the neck, and you melt instantaneously into a puddle of goo on the floor. The mysterious figure uses the frozen butterhead blend to mop up the liquid that used to call itself a college student, and retreats into the depths of the refrigerator.

You see, dear reader, you thought you'd never touch the stuff, but hell froze over, and that was the Devil's lettuce.

Marihuana: Not Even Once.

This message furnished by the Just Say No drug awareness campaign.

Are You Lonely?

By Callum Holley

Enjoy a Gargboro Green...

and a few good years off your life

We've taken the finest low end bone dry alabama weeds tobacco, sprayed it with the most effective pesticides and military-industrial grade chemical additives; and rolled it all in printer paper to make sure you have the most deceitfully rewarding smoking experience of your life. Here at the Gargoyle, we love to smoke cigarettes, something nobody ever should adore.

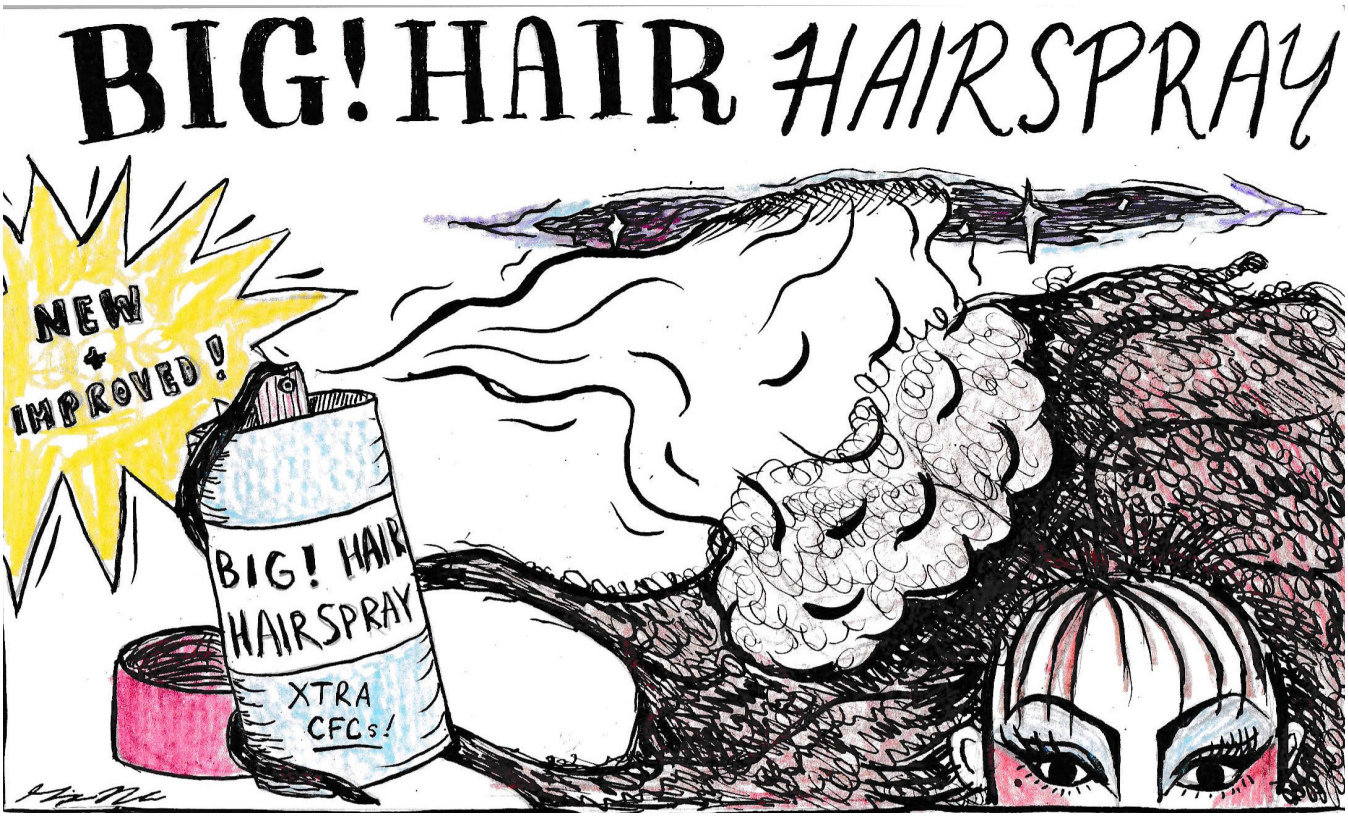
Every pack of cigarettes comes with a quality assurance that each singular smoke will have negative impacts to your heath.

So have a dart! Look cool, like that sweet "vintage" Denver Nuggets jersey you saw the homeless guy wearing downtown.

Gargboro GREEN

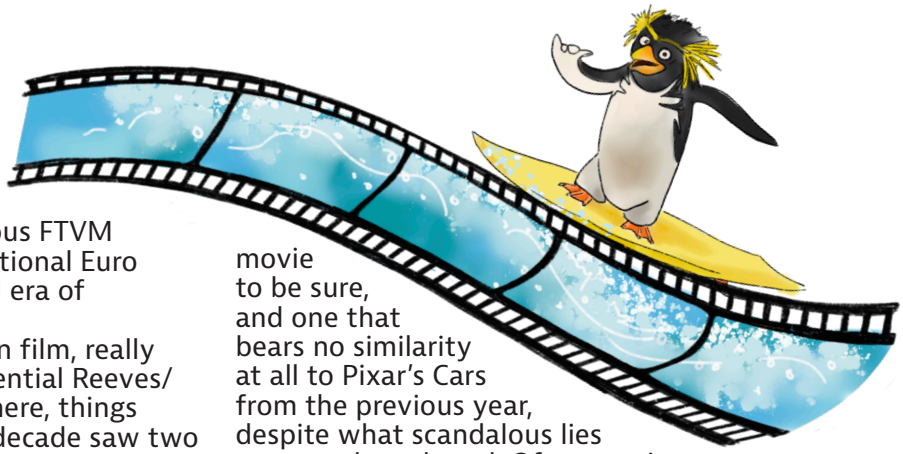
Written by Adam Krugel

Illustrated by Megan Okubo



The Newer Wave

By Charlie Splete and Trey Norbey



New Waves: Art film movements previously only intended for pompous FTVM majors; dear reader, instead of traditional Euro drivel, I direct you to a more refined era of cinematic excellence:

The Newer Wave, as a movement in film, really kicked off in 1991 with the quintessential Reeves/Swayze vehicle Point Break. From there, things only got better: the tail end of the decade saw two massively influential releases in 1998's Chairman of the Board—starring who else, but one of the greatest and most important voices in comedy of the previous century, Scott "Carrot Top" Thompson. But if you thought things would slow down at the turn of the millennium, hold on to your hats! 2003's seminal Step Into Liquid is a rockin' jock doc that'll knock off your crocs! After that, you'll be sure to love the wonderfully heartfelt sleazy and awful mid-2000's sex comedy Surf School (which is somehow losing to the fucking Carrot Top movie in terms of IMDB score).

And finally, what many may consider the peak of the newer wave, 2007's Surf's Up, courtesy of Sony Pictures Animation. A fantastic and groundbreaking movie to be sure, and one that bears no similarity at all to Pixar's Cars from the previous year, despite what scandalous lies you may have heard. Of course, it does tell the story of a rookie athlete getting stranded somewhere they don't want to be and discovering that a previous champion of their sport happens to be retiring there quietly after an accident caused them to quit long ago. And then, to be fair, it does feature the protagonist learning from this champion how to defeat their rival; who, in contrast, doesn't respect the sport's older legends, and the protagonist makes the sacrifice to help someone else in lieu of winning the championship in the end, but those are all just coincidences, man. And in no way a blemish on one of the most important movements in all of film history! Surf's up, dudes!

Haikus: New Wave Edition

By Elena Runion

1. And she was and she
was and she was and she was
And she was and she.

2. We're at a party.
There are earlobes falling off.
What's a "rock lobster"?

3. Sometimes I feel I've
got to (bum bum) run away.
My love has a taint?

4. Letting days go by.
Where is my beautiful wife?!
The heads are talking.

5. Mommy and daddy
told me I should surrender?
I'll do no such thing.

6. Ordinary world.
What is happening to me?
Duran has a twin??

7. Never gonna give
you up. You got rickrolled, punk.
Will you recover?

8. Why's God saving queens?
The pistols are having sex.
Rest in peace Queen Liz.

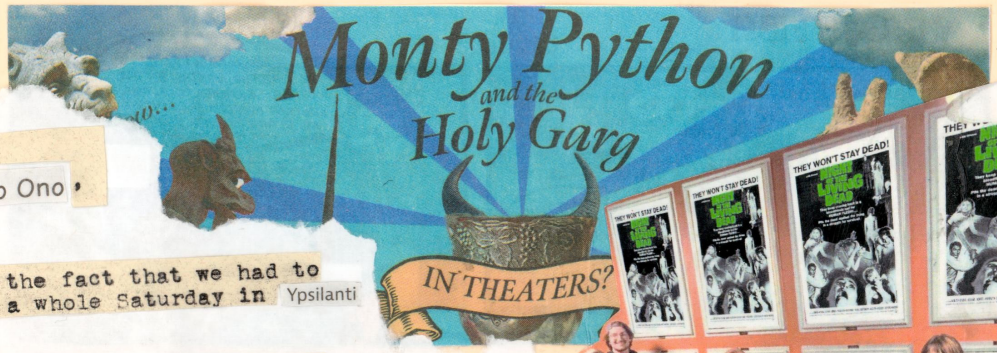
9. With or without who?
U2? Who two? Me too?
Feminist movement.

10. Who is this "starman"?
Why do the children boogie?
Boogie makes kids gay.

Senior Farewell

By Jacob Futterman

I was only at the Gargoyle for a year and, I gotta say, it was the worst experience of my life. Everyone thinks they're sooo funny and creative and talented. I always found the blood sacrifices before every meeting to be pretty weird too, not sure how I feel about that. Gotta say it was totally not an honor or anything writing for such a long standing University of Michigan paper. I would also NOT like to thank everyone at the Garg for a great year, good times, and being the coolest publication on campus.



Dear Santo Ono,

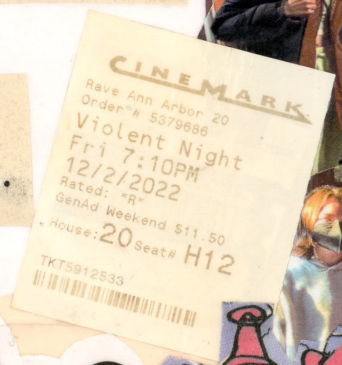
We accept the fact that we had to sacrifice a whole Saturday in Ypsilanti

for whatever it was we did wrong.
But we think you're crazy to makeuus write an essay telling you who we think we are.
You see us as you want to see us,
in the simplest terms and the most convenient definitions. Butvwhat we found out is that

each of us is a supermassive black hole
and an entirely self aware representative Texan,
& an NYT best-selling fanfic author
and a cracked Michigander
and a sucker for praise,
and a maternal figure clad in fishnets,
and a Twink.

Does that answer your question?

Sincerely yours,
The GARG MAG.



The End

RENFIELD
Ft. Nicholas Cage
IN THEATERS THIS FRIDAY

Coming out of COVID, I felt like
I was lacking friends & community.
And a good laugh.
The Gargoyle gave me both,
and then some.

All I can sayy is thank you!.

And typing on a typewriter is hard :(

—HAILEY

In a time not so long ago, in a place not so far away, a single banana slug, all alone, left the only home he'd ever known. Used to laughing at dick jokes, your mom, and all sorts of name-calling, he set out to find something more. Another frontier of satire. "Animal House," he thought. "That makes me laugh. What else? Mad Magazine. Cigarette ads from the 50s. Calvin and Hobbes." He wondered if there were a community of people making material like that at his new home in the frigid north, surrounded by nuts with strange names and even more wolverines. He spent time looking, with nothing else to do but scroll on his little mollusk computer for hours on end. The world was shut down, time had stopped, the only thing moving was a virus, from bats of all things.

Finally, he found them. THE Gargoyle, home of Arthur Miller, Lawrence Kasden, Trey Norbey, and BigBird. An island of misfit toys, some of the sharpest, most beautiful people he'd ever met, perfectly fit together in their love of laughter and cleverness. So, the little banana slug joined the staff, and the days flew by. Once, he was writing ballads and illustrating on photoshop. That was long ago now, in the olden days. Hardly a soul remembers it. Then, he became the money handler, or something like that. While the banana slug hated money and everything to do with it, the magazine needed to be printed. Not so long after that, the little banana slug, that minute mollusk, found himself in the Editor's chair, with little idea how he got there or what to do. One thing was clear: make sure all the beautiful creatures around him had what they needed to do great things, and stay out of the way. Let them cook, if you will. And cook they did. The pinnacle of satire, bandying about witty words, illustrious illustrations of illumination quality. 8 issues the likes of which this world has never seen. It filled that little banana slug with so much joy to see the people he loved and admired so much do what they did so well. Finally, it came time for him to move on with his life, to leave his little haven in the frigid north among all the beautiful creatures at the Gargoyle. They had grown so much, it was time for them to take charge and keep being awesome.

All you beautiful Gargoyle people,

In case you haven't caught on, yes, I am the banana slug. Thank you for everything. You mean more to me than you know. Always remember:

1. Once you've ruined your reputation, you can really live quite freely.
2. Pēdīcābō ego vōs et irrumābō.
3. It will all be perfect in the end.

This is goodbye. Forever. I really mean it. I'll be going now.

So long, and thanks for all the fish.

NJD

The New Wave Crashes and Shatters My Soft Rock

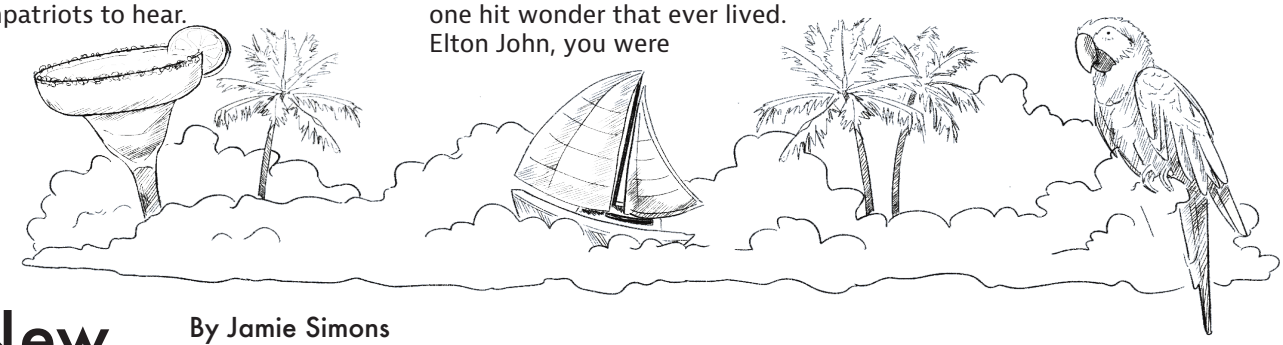
A Memorial

By Annika Smits

The spirit of the late Jimmy Buffet has taken hold of me; therefore, I must say goodbye to the pinnacle of music and sing its praises. Every fiber of my being longs to be a silver fox kicking back on my massive yacht (to compensate for the lack of masculinity in my tropical trunks) and blast the sweet sounds of The Doobie Brothers for all my Fort Myers compatriots to hear.

Goodbye to the Eagles, you will provide moderate stance grandfathers with precious tunes until the day they die. Phil Collins, thank you for your service in the masterpiece that is the Tarzan soundtrack. George Harrison, Stevie Nicks, and Paul Simon—your bands were overrated anyway. Fleetwood Mac, you could do no wrong. Toto, you were the biggest one hit wonder that ever lived. Elton John, you were always a little too progressive for me.

If any of you youngins didn't recognize all of those names, you deserve to suffer in the fire pits of hell where the only music they play is thirty second Musical.ly clips, you uncultured swine! Educate yourself in the variety and healing properties of soft rock and you may earn a spot in the Margaritaville in the sky.



New Wave

By Jamie Simons

In the 2020s, we've seen a large counter-culture movement in film, music, and television. I'm here to announce the New Wave—my observations on the pioneers of artistry in the modern era, ushering out the evil, industry-backed music scene and allowing independent artists to truly change the game. Here are the torchbearers of the 2020s' New Wave.

Machine Gun Kelly

Machine Gun Kelly is transforming pop and punk with his two latest albums, Tickets to My Downfall and Mainstream Sellout. Both albums have completely changed the punk scene, allowing for this young, independent artist to truly express himself, shoving a huge middle finger to the establishment. Who could forget the iconic single, "emo girl," where MGK unabashedly pushes aside any and all doubts of his expertise? MGK is here to stay, and we at the Gargoyle are so here for it!

The Idol

Abel "The Weeknd" Tesfaye had our eyes and ears last summer when he released artistic drama The Idol—in this writer's opinion, the greatest television show of all time! The serious and moody nature of The Idol had incredible acting, writing, and hair design—who could forget Abel's iconic ponytail? Wow. I believe that The Idol is going to transform television–

Saltburn

Wow. My jaw is on the floor! Saltburn was such an incredible film, I loved everything about it! Barry Keoghan was such a little freak, I loved when he [REDACTED] in the bathtub and [REDACTED] on the grave, wow, it was just so artistic! I believe that Emerald Fennell is a true visionary, and Saltburn will usher in a new wave of film—gross-out comedies!

Stop reading this. Help me. The Gargoyle is holding me hostage and threatening to drown my houseplants if I don't write these. The truth is—these all suck (yes, the writer thinks Saltburn is bad, don't crucify me, okay? I'm already suffering enough as it is). But, I'm forced to deliver glowing praise to these, calling them revolutionary—you must know that this is satire. I mean, Machine Gun Kelly?? Are you kidding??? If you have any love in your soul, send some help. I need to eat, my houseplants need adequate amounts of water—no writer should be working under these conditions, much less praising Machine Gun Kelly for those god awful albums. This has reached beyond the point of satire, this is desperation. Oh God, they're back—what are you doing with that baseball bat!? Tell my mom I-

The Gargoyle

We love the Gargoyle. The Gargoyle loves us. This humor magazine has been around for 115 years, the oldest student publication on campus, yet it is still continuing to shape comedy as we know it. Every single writer and artist who pitches in helps create the best and most accessible publication on campus. There is absolutely no doubt that the Gargoyle treats its crew fairly. They certainly wouldn't drown your orchids if you learned about their secrets. We love the Gargoyle. The Gargoyle loves us.

BOYS ON FILM

Exclusive photographs for seduction.

Nick shows us what he's made of. A gargoyle looks on.

Sev lets freedom fly.

Sam kisses his newborn child, Trey says "get a load of this guy".

Adam cuts a little loose.

Charlie tells Trey to "start making sense god damn it".

Sev gets comfortable.

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.

SLAY SUKAN!
DO MORE COCAINE
MAKE ART NOT WAR